

THE NASHVILLE GLOBE.

"All things come to them that wait, providing they hustle while they wait."—Charles W. Anderson. "Get out of our sunshine."—R. H. Boyd.

VOL. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1907.

No. 16.

DESERVES TO BE LYNCHED.

WHITE BRUTE ASSAULTS TWO LADIES ON STREET

Slashes Them in Their Faces With His Knife.

**COWARDLY ATTACK MADE AT
NOONDAY ON CEDAR STREET—
DESPERADO MAKES GOOD HIS
ESCAPE—POLICE MAKE LITTLE
EFFORT TO APPREHEND THE
MURDEROUS SCOUNDREL.**

A crime that surpassed any ever committed in the South was that of a white brute on two ladies on Cedar street last Monday, when, without provocation, he hacked up their faces with a large knife until the sidewalk was covered with blood and they were faint with weakness. Such butchery of helpless women has never been heard of before in this fair southland, and had the perpetrator been black and the victims white he would have been apprehended before his tracks were cold, but despite the fact that a black man witnessed the deed the assailant is yet alive and at liberty. When will Negroes learn what to do for?

This murderous attack took place on Cedar street just west of the train bridge between eleven and twelve o'clock. The two ladies, Miss Martha Floyd and Miss Martha Wright were on their way to work, and they stated to a Globe representative that they passed this man on the corner of Walnut and Cedar streets. He was standing whittling a stick. They went on paying no attention, and had no thought that he was bent on doing them any harm. When they noticed him a second time he was trampling on their heels. They asked him to desist from his impudence, saying to him that the side walk was large enough for all of them, when, without a moment's warning, he drew his knife and commenced his savage butchery. He stabbed Miss Floyd several times, and when Miss Wright begged for mercy for her friend, he turned upon her, cutting her face into a pulp. He then retraced his steps up Cedar street and was soon out of sight. The young ladies' eyes were full of blood and they were so excited they could not tell which way he turned when they reached Walnut street. Blinded with blood they made their way as best they could to Dr. Burrus' office, corner Ninth avenue and Cedar street, where their wounds were dressed. It was necessary to put twenty-five stitches in Miss Wright's face and several were taken in Miss Floyd's face. When seen by a Globe representative at their home at 308 Capitol avenue, the young ladies were suffering intense pain. They presented a pitiful sight, and the brute that butchered them up was still at large.

The police station was called up to ascertain whether or not the savage had been captured, and the feeble reply echoed back, "No." It will be hard to convince the forty thousand Negroes in this city that the police have been vigilant in their search for this murderous brute, but they feel like saying: To the winds with your theory that it is the duty of every Negro to assist in bringing to justice every black criminal, for the rule will have to work both ways to be effective. They believe that if the police and detectives had been diligent in their search they would have captured the thug before Monday night; but it rather makes them feel that this fiend is being harbored.

The daily papers with all their facilities for gathering news could not learn anything about this assault. If a Negro steals a rotten egg they have it before he cracks the shell.

Equally as bitter is the denunciation of the Negro man who stood and saw the assault and did not as much as give alarm. They hold that he should have captured the brute dead or alive and delivered him to the police authorities. This occurrence puts the Negroes on a wonder what will be next? For when it reaches the point where innocent women cannot go to their work without being hacked to pieces, our civilization is receding and we are fast drifting back to a stage of savagery.

Colored women must be exempted from white brutality.

NEGRO CAUSES APPREHENSION.

**American Naval Officers and Norfolk
Society Fear the Coming of
Haitian.**

At all times and on every occasion old "cuffy" is causing some body to loose sleep. The latest is a report to the effect that the little black republic is to accept the invitation sent out by the United States Government to the nations of the world to participate in the celebration at Jamestown. The alarming cry reads as follows:

Chicago, April 23.—A special to the Tribune from Norfolk, Va., says: If the Republic of Hayti carries out its threat there will be more trouble at the Jamestown exposition than all the old English pioneers put together ever encountered in the strenuous times the big show is intended to commemorate.

A report from Washington, which just got out to Rear Admiral Evans' fleet to-day and gave the officers seven different varieties of brainstorm, says the Haytian Government is trying to borrow a warship somewhere with the object of sending it to the naval review as the flagship of a Vice Admiral.

A Haytian Vice Admiral would be black and probably short and extremely black.

That, though bad enough, is not all. The Haytian Vice Admiral, black and short and fat, would be the only Vice Admiral, with the possible exception of the commander of the Japanese squadron, at the exposition. And, according to the etiquette of the navy, all the other naval officers would have to know to him and give him social and official precedence.

Such is the emergency with which Admiral Evans and the officers of his fleet have been suddenly confronted. The prospect of a Haytian Vice Admiral's coming spread consternation all up and down the long line of battle-ships anchored off the city.

No official action has been taken as yet, but there is talk of sending a flying squadron out to sea with orders to see that the Haytian warship and its Vice Admiral loses its way between the black Republic and Jamestown.

Scarcely less than the commotion caused by the report among the officers of Admiral Evans' fleet is the commotion it has caused in social circles here. There will be a good deal of official and unofficial entertaining of one kind and another while the fleets are here, and social leaders are wondering how they will have to treat this short, fat, and extremely black Vice Admiral if he should suddenly appear and claim all his privileges.

It is a question which they refuse to discuss, but they hope the Haytian sailor will stay at home.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL NOTES.

In spite of the bad weather, Mr. Peyton and his boys are busy at work on their farm. It is desired to make this year a successful year in this line of work, and with the aid of his able line of assistants, Mr. Henry Jackson, who has become thoroughly acquainted with farming, it is hoped that great success will be the result.

This school is a place where young boys and girls are taken in order that they may have their hands trained to do service. Mr. Peyton is a true Christian man, honest and upright, with the love of his people at heart. His success is chiefly due to his ability for managing. Mrs. Peyton has charge of the day school and is succeeding nicely.

Mr. Henry Jackson has been a member of this school several years, and has always given general satisfaction.

Those who are not acquainted with the school should come out and see what is going on right in their midst.

DID NOT PARTICIPATE.

The fire department of Woodland Street, East Nashville, did not participate in the exhibition which took place on Deaderick street, Tuesday morning as a part of the program for the Spring festival. It is learned that they were stationed at headquarters to take the place of the Deaderick Street Company in case an alarm was turned in. They witnessed the competitive exercises as they were carried out in front of the fire department.

PAYNE CHAPEL.

Last Sunday at the 11 a. m. service Bishop B. F. Lee preached an able sermon. The Allen League, at 6:30 p. m., under the leadership of Mrs. S. M. King, had a grand meeting. At 8 o'clock the Payne Chapel Choral Class made its first appearance, with Miss Etta Lee Bradford, organist.

JEALOUSY BREEDS MURDER

WAS DEMONSTRATED SATUR- DAY NIGHT, APRIL 20,

When George Spurlock Shot Charles Smith.

**WRANGLING OVER ATTENTIONS
BEING PAID BY BOTH MEN TO
THE SAME WOMAN, BROUGHT
ON THE DIFFICULTY, WHICH
BROUGHT ONE TO DEATH AND
THE OTHER TO PRISON.**

Jealousy rests at the bottom of another murder which is chronicled in records of the criminal history of this city and charged up to the account of George Spurlock for the killing of Charles Smith. The "proverbial woman in the case" holds true in this, it is said, and the result is the same old tale. Such tragedies are to be regretted, but they are inevitable as long as men and women allow the passion of jealousy to overbalance the sober dictates of reason. The dead man and his slayer, it is rumored, had been, before the tragedy, suitors of the same woman.

The shooting of Smith by Spurlock occurred Saturday night, April 21, at or near the corner of Sixteenth avenue and Pearl street. The men quarreled over the matter between them, growing more and more heated with anger until finally Spurlock reached his word limit and whipping out a pistol fired at his antagonist, the ball striking him under the arm and passed in his body so as to cut in two his spinal cord. Smith was taken to the City Hospital and here examined by the surgeon in charge, his opinion was that the wounded man had practically no chance of surviving. This opinion was only too true and was soon to be verified, for Smith succumbed to the effects of his wound during the night and passed to his account.

The charge which had been lodged against Spurlock for assault with a pistol with intent to kill, was changed to murder and he was committed to jail without bond. He must now answer the people's demand to know why he has done this, and hereafter he must answer God's injunction, "Thou shalt not kill."

In moralizing on this bloody affair, it is not out of place to say that the men and women who feed and pamper jealousy hover in their hearts the most cruel and deadly of all the human passions: they are nursing a lion's whelp, so to speak, which, when grown, will be beyond the power of control, and will demand carnage, yes, and will have it. Some one has said, and truthfully so, that jealousy is as natural as love, and like love, it may be curbed or cultivated. One thing which the records of crimes bear out as a fact, and that is this: Jealousy, unleashed, is a demon that drives under its lash the victim, in whose soul it is lodged, to the commission of the most horrible deeds.

In conclusion, it may be reasonably predicted that the killing of Smith is the beginning of another series of homicides.

WALDEN UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The Improvement Committee of Walden University alumni had their business meeting in the office of Me-harry College on Monday, April 22. This committee has only been in existence two years, yet they have raised over five hundred dollars in the way of improvement. Their work has been somewhat handicapped by the suits which were pending, but as they have now been dismissed, the committee will go to work in earnest.

It was decided at this meeting that all moneys raised by them hereafter should go toward a building fund. The work for the coming year was carefully planned and all entertainments to be given under the auspices of the alumni will be in the hands of this committee: Eddie Dickerson, chairman; Vera L. Moore, Secretary; Tillie Lloyd, treasurer; Dr. T. H. Elliott, Dr. J. H. McMillan.

MISS ANNA T. JEANES' MUNIFI- CENT GIFT.

Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of Philadelphia, Pa., has made a generous and magnificent gift of \$1,000,000 for the educational uplift of the Southern Negro in the country and rural districts. Miss Jeanes is a Quakeress and has long been interested in the welfare of the Negro, contributing to institutions of learning where he is being fitted educationally and morally for the work of life. Too much cannot be said in praise of this noble-hearted woman in giving in perpetuity this large sum of money to help disseminate the light of enlightenment, through the practical medium of education, to the masses of our people in the rural communities, who are dependent solely upon the limited and sometimes meagre appropriations of state and county funds for whatever educational advantages their children receive. This splendid gift was most gracious and magnanimous, coming at a most opportune time—a time when there was a lull in benefactions for educational purposes of the Negro.

While the Negro is not stopping to whine and play the baby in the absence of liberal benefactions as have heretofore been given, yet he is most grateful for any material evidence that the philanthropic spirit of interest in his well-being is not dead.

Ever and anon along the highway of his racial life some generous souls who, ascending to that height of disinterested nobility which shuts out narrowness, shuts out color, shuts out prejudice, and only looking at us as a part of a common humanity, striving, deserving and needing assistance, lend us substantial aid and bid us rise to the full stature of highest usefulness by persistent and unflagging industry. From the tablelands of God, as it were, they fling out to our upturned faces the banner of Hope upon whose white folds is inscribed in radiant letters this significant encouragement: Onward and Upward. This awakens in our anxious souls a newer, fresher hope, a saving faith in the ultimate outcome of a grander, brighter day, if we but labor on and wait.

The Negro is so constituted that he is as grateful to his friends as he is forgiving to his enemies; he never forgets manifestations of kindness and soon curbs the ranklings of bitterness for inflicted injuries: these are known characteristics of his elastic nature, not that he is a fawning sycophant for favors nor an insensible dullard to injuries, but that he has learned to take the most hope-

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MRS. MARY HUMPHREY RETIRES.

Mrs. Mary Humphrey, well known in Nashville as the proprietor of the up-to-date boarding house, corner Eighth avenue, North and Gay street, has retired from business on account of failing health. She has successfully conducted this establishment for years. Since her retirement she has turned the house and its contents over to her niece, Miss Alice Carter, who is now busily engaged in renovating the place. Entire new furniture will be installed. The house will be remodeled neatly and all conveniences will be added. Nashville has needed for a long time an establishment of this kind run on modern basis. Nashville has long suffered because of not having one. The new management has promised the public the best accommodations. Just under what name the new house will be known has not been given out. They have decided, however, to give special attention to their meals on Sundays, and assurance has been made that the rates of boarding and lodging will be within reach of all.

CRAZED BY CIGARETTES.

**Boy Puffs Like an Engine and Sings
Like a Bullfrog.**

Hopkinsville, Ky. (Special).—Charles Roach, a boy of this city, 16 years of age, has been adjudged on unsound mind and sent to the Western Lunatic Asylum here for treatment. It was the excessive use of cigarettes that caused the boy's reason to give way, until he could no longer be left at large.

He labored under two very peculiar delusions. One of these was an idea that he was a railroad locomotive, and he would whistle, puff and blow just like an engine using his arms to perform the duties of piston-rods. He also at times imagined that he was a frog and would roll and turn his eyes like one and make a noise like a bullfrog.

ORATORIO PRODIGAL SON.

BEAUTIFULLY RENDERED BY MOZART SOCIETY

At Fisk Memorial Chapel, Friday Night, April 19.

**AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE
LISTENED ENRAPT AT THE
RENDITION OF THAT SPLENDID
PRODUCTION BY A MAGNIFI-
CENT ARRAY OF FISK'S SWEET-
EST SINGERS.**

The twenty-seventh season of the Mozart Society was celebrated in the Memorial Chapel, Fisk University, April 19 and 20, at which time they gave their fifty-ninth and sixtieth concerts. This society has elicited more than one applause from Nashville's enthusiastic music-loving public. It was said year before last when they rendered "The Messiah," that they had reached the climax of their perfection in this line. A similar remark was made the preceding year when they produced "St. Paul," but the staging and producing of Harry B. Vincent's "Prodigal Son," has proven that these predictions were all untrue. Fisk's Mozart Society produced this oratorio in a way that the public shall not forget. The fact that so many have looked upon that oft-repeated passage of Scripture from the Bible to compare with their conditions, made the occasion one eagerly looked forward to. The program itself was enough to guarantee a large audience. It appeared in the neatest form, showing a beautiful cut of the Memorial Chapel as it looks from Jubilee Hall.

The members of the Mozart Society consist of some of the leading singers of the South. Many visitors come from adjoining cities to witness these annual concerts. The conductor, Prof. H. H. Wright, appears to spend his force on these particular occasions. Hence the fifty-ninth and sixtieth concerts on last Friday night and Saturday matinee will long be remembered.

Special praise for excellent service was made of the sopranos, Misses Marie V. Peek and Elsie V. Taylor. Both of these are in a class by themselves. They are favorites and will remain so for time to come. Mrs. John W. Work, the undisputed best contralto singer in the South, was by far the ideal of the evening. Mr. John Work, the tenor, as usual, enraptured the audience with his beautiful tenor solos. Mr. Alfred G. King, baritone soloist, was a new star. Certainly the young man is destined to come up in his class. Too much can not be said of the different parts taken and rendered. The several choruses were especially enjoyable. Each part grew better and better. The chorus, "There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance," was captivating. It was enchanting and brought forth tremendous applause from the audience. The last quartet by Messrs. Boutte, Merrill, Mrs. John Work and Miss Peek was another beautiful selection; but the choral fanfare, "Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for His great mercy unto the children of men," was considered by all the treat of the evening. Notwithstanding the clam-like mode of the audience, which was plainly evident throughout the entire evening, they had to burst forth with a tremendous plaudit. It was noticed that the audience did not show the proper appreciation for the perfect and beautiful production, "The Prodigal Son."

Notwithstanding the second piece in part one, "Father, give me the portion of good that falleth to me," sung by the sweet tenor soloist, Prof. John W. Work, was beautiful in every respect, not a sound of approbation went up from the audience. A Globe reporter paid particular attention. It was about the middle of part second, when some apparently enthusiastic hearer broke the long silence with a hoisterous handclap, which seemed to set off as by electricity a part of the hearers. It was taken up and carried around and by the time part three was reached, the audience was giving vent in more than one handclap to their appreciation of the program.